

360 SONNETS.,
PARTHENOPHIL | ^

SONNET XXXVIII.



WHEN thine heart-piercing answers
could not hinder Mine heart's hot
hammer on thy steel to batter ; Nor
could excuses cold, quench out that cinder
Which in me kindled was : She weighed the
matter,,
And turning my sun's chariot, him did
place In Libra's equal Mansion, taking
pause, And casting, with deep judgement,
to disgrace My love, with cruel dealing in
the cause.
She, busily, with earnest care devised How
She might make her beauty tyrannous^
And I, for ever, to her yoke surprised :
The means found out, with cunning
perilous^
She turned the wheels, with force
impetuous, And armed with woman-like
contagion My sun She lodged in the
Scorpion.

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SONNET XXXIX.



WHEN (from her Venus, and bright
Mercury, My heaven's clear planets),
did She shoot such blazes As did infuse,
with heat's extremity, Mine heart,
which on despair's bare pasture grazes.
Then, like the Scorpion, did She deadly sting
me ; And with a pleasing poison pierced me !
Which, to these utmost sobs of death, did
bring me, And, through my soul's faint
sinews, searched me.
Yet might She cure me with the *Scorpion's*
Oil | If that She were so kind as beautiful :
But, in my bale, She joys to see me boil ;
Though be my Passions dear and dutiful,
Yet She, remorseless and unmerciful.
But when my thought of her is such a
thing To strike me dead ; judge, if herself
can sting 1